Naboth's Vinyard:

OR, THE

INNOCENT TRAYTOR:

COPIED from the ORIGINAL

OF

Holy Scripture,

IN

HEROICK VERSE.

Si fractus illabatur Orbis,
Impavidum ferient Ruinæ. Hor.

LONDON, Printed for *C. R.* 1679.

SInce Holy Scripture it ſelf is not exempt from being tortur'd and abus'd by the ſtrainings and pervertions of evil men, no great wonder were it, if this ſmall Poem (which is but an illuſtration of a ſingle, yet remarkable paſſage thereof) be alſo ſubject to the like diſtortions, and miſ-applications of the over-prying and under-witted of one ſide, and of the malicious on the other. But all ingenious and ingenuous men (to whoſe divertiſement only this Poem offers it ſelf) will be Garrantees for the Author, that neither any Honourable and juſt Judge can be thought concern'd in the Character of Arod; *nor any honeſt and veracious Witneſs in that of* Malchus: *And as by the ſingular care and Royal goodneſs of his Majeſty (whom God long preſerve) our Benches in this Nation are furniſhed with perſons of ſuch eminent Integrity and Ability, that no Character of a corrupt Judge can with the leaſt ſhadow of reſemblance belong to them, ſo is it to be wiſhed, that alſo in all our Courts of Judicature a proportionable honeſty and veracity were to be found in all Witneſſes; that ſo Juſtice and Peace might cloſe in a happy kiſs.*

Naboth's Vinyard:

FLy hence thoſe *Siren*-Charms of *Wealth* and *Power*,
Strong to undo, unable to reſtore;
At firſt they tickle, but at laſt they ſmart,
They pleaſe the Pallat, and corrode the Heart:
To thoſe gay *Idols*, which fond men adore,
Our *Chriſtian* Muſe all *Incenſe* does abhor:
Idols! (like hungry *Moloch*) whoſe dire *Food*
Too often is ſupply'd by *Humane Blood*!
That precious *Juice* which can, with Soveraign Balm,
The War and Ferment of our Nature calm;
That can the Anguiſh of our Minds allay,
Heal Wounds of Grief, and Storms of Paſſion ſway;
That generous Off-ſpring of the healing Vine,
I'th' Muſes *Temple* may deſerve a Shrine.
But, hold, 'tis not the *Wine* of common *draft*,
Which *Palma* ſends, or greedy Merchants *waft*
From *Rheniſh* Banks, or from the *Gaſcon* Shore,
T' enrich themſelves, and make the Drinkers poor;
Poor in their waſted 'ſtates, poor in their Mind,
Who in a *Brutiſh Club* with Swine are join'd,
And greateſt joy in ſtupefaction find:

No, our exalted Taſte diſdains to feaſt
On that dull *Liquor*, which turns *Man* to *Beaſt*,
It muſt be nouriſht with ſome ſpritely *Juice*,
Which does our mortal Frame immortaliſe;
Defies the Arrows of malicious Fate,
The People's Fury, and the Tricks of State.
Quickly, ah! quickly then, (my Muſe) diſcloſe
The happy place, where this true *Nectar* grows.
Is it not *Naboth's Vinyard*? Fame ſpeaks loud
Of thee, but louder of thy Maſter's *blood*;
That *Hero's Blood*, fed by thy *vital Juice*,
Which did, when flowing in his Veins deſpiſe
The Womans Craft, the Tyrants Avarice;
The bloody Oaths of perjur'd Aſſaſſins;
The Frowns of byas'd Juſtice, which inclines
The giddy Rabble to their Natural bent,
With tongues and hands to tear the *Innocent*.
1 *Kings* c. 0. v. 29 v. 42. *Achab* had conquered *Aram*; but, alas!
His very Conqueſt his Undoing was:
He ſoon forgot the Hand, which did beſtow
Edge on his Sword, and Lawrel on his Brow.
Proud with the Spoils of the ſlain *Aramites*,
v. 13. 28. The Power which gave him Victory, he ſlights;
v. 34. He *treats*, and *bargains* with his Enemies,
And all the *Covenants* of his Lord defies.
Achab diſtreſt, bow'd to his Lord, and pray'd;
Achab victorious, proudly diſobey'd;

Un-

Ungrateful Mortals! whoſe corrupted Will
Turns Grace to Poyſon, and makes Bleſſings kill.
In vain poor Subjects in the Juſtice truſt
Of *Kings*, that to their *Maker* are unjuſt;
The Heart once tainted with a *Maſter-Sin*,
All *leſſer Crimes* does eaſily let in.
Poor *Naboth's Vinyard* next lies in his way, *Chap* 21.
His covetous Eye had markt it for his Prey: *v.*2.
He parly'd firſt; but what he could not worm
By *Treaty* from him, he reſolv'd to *ſtorm*.
"How (Sir!) can you think worthy your large Soul,
"To crave my ſpot of Land, my ſleeping-hole?
"(Says *Naboth*) I my ſelf ſhould prize it not,
"Were it not ſacred made by *Age* and *Lot*;
"By *Lot* conſign'd to my Fore-fathers hand, *v.*3.
"Who firſt with *Joſhua* ſeis'd this *Holy Land:*
"'Twere *Sacriledge* in me to give, or ſell,
"What to my *Name* by *Heaven's Appointment* fell.
"May *Achab* his large *Kingdoms* long poſſeſs;
"Let *Naboth* his ſmall *Vinyard* hold in peace. *v.* 4.
Achab was ſilent, but not ſatisfy'd;
The covetous Poyſon through his Veins did glide:
And what his greedy *Eye* and *Heart* devour,
He will extort by an Uſurping Power.
So have I ſeen the tow'ring Falcon riſe,
And next to nothing leſſen to our Eyes,
Beyond the Call of any Game, or Lure;
The timerous *Fowl* ſuch diſtance can endure;

But

But ill they measure by their own, the sight,
And sharpness of their Tyrants Appetite:
She sports and plys her Wings i'th' liquid air,
As if she minded Pleasure, and not War:
But when the *Fowl*, betray'd by flattering hopes,
Takes wing, the *watchful Foe*, as *Lightning* stoops;
What her *Eye* mark'd, her *Talons* make her own;
As Thunder-struck the Quary tumbles down.
But ill did *Achabs* Eyes, with all their Art,
Cover the secret rancour of his Heart:
The Wound did fester, that his Passion made.
Which soon his Face unwillingly betray'd.
v. 5. First *Jezabel* descry'd his secret pain;
My Lord (she said) can your breast entertain
A Grief or Joy but what I must partake?
O, do not this unkind distinction make.
Shame to reveal, and greater shame to hide
His Soul from her, his troubled thoughts divide:
At last he pour'd his Grief into the Ear
Of his too kind, and fatal Counseller.
In vain (my Dear) our Scepter does command
From the *North-Sea* to the *Arabian Sand*,
In vain the *Kings* of *Aram* are my *Slaves*;
In vain my *Justice* kills, my *Mercy* saves,
v. 6. If stubborn *Naboth* must his Vinyard hold
In spight of all *Intreaty*, *Power*, and *Gold*;
If a poor Worm of *Israel* proudly dares
v. 6. Resist, not my *Commands*, my very *Prayers*.

Tread

Tread on that Rebel Worm (ſays *Jezabel*)
The weight of a Kings Anger let him feel; v. 7.
Cruſh him to nothing; that your Subjects may
Be taught by his Example to obey.
Then *Achab* ſigh'd, and ſaid, That muſt not be,
People and Prieſts would riſe in Mutiny:
Too much we hazard for a thing ſo ſmall;
The *Tyrant-Law*, which *Monarchs* does enthrall,
Controuls the Execution of my will,
And makes the Slave bold to reſiſt me ſtill,
At this unmoveable ſtood *Jezabel*,
Like one faſt bound by an Inchanters Spell;
Her flaming Cheeks had Choller's deepeſt dye;
And like ſtruck Flints ſparkled her furious Eye;
Such heaving, and ſuch panting ſhook her breaſt,
As if ſome Spirit had the place poſſeſt,
Then ſuddenly ſhe ſtarts with a loud Cry;
If *Law* muſt do the *Work*, *Naboth* ſhall dye.
Let not the *Sanhedrim* a *Monarch* awe; v. 7.
He that commands the *Judge*, commands the *Law*,
Law is a poor, dumb thing, which none can hear,
But by the Mouth of an Interpreter:
And in the Peoples mouth, 'tis the old Plea
For Rebels, when their Prince they diſobey.
Fear not the *Law*, but by the *Judge* be fear'd;
Elſe, as the *Pedants* gravely wag their *Beard*,
Kings muſt of their Prerogatives be ſtript,
As Children are for breach of Grammar whipt.

Then

Then truſt my skill; I'll bring you quick relief,
To heal the wounds of your unſeemly Grief:
Both you, and *Naboth*, your juſt Rights ſhall have,
You ſhall poſſeſs his *Vinyard*, he his *Grave*:
v. 7. Thus with her oyly words ſhe skins his Sore,
But adds new Poyſon to the ulcerous Core;
And that falſe Comfort leaves in *Achabs* mind,
Which Villains in their thriving Miſchiefs find.
v. 8. She ſummons then her choſen Inſtruments,
Always prepar'd to ſerve her black Intents:
The chief was *Arod*, whoſe corrupted youth
Had made his Soul an Enemy to truth;
But Nature furniſht him with Parts and wit,
For bold Attempts, and deep Intriguing fit.
Small was his Learning; and his Eloquence
Did pleaſe the Rabble, nauſeate men of ſence.
Bold was his Spirit, nimble and loud his Tongue,
Which more than *Law*, or *Reaſon*, takes the Throng.
Him, part by *Money*, partly by her *Grace*,
The covetous Queen rais'd to a Judges place:
And as he bought his *Place*, he *Juſtice* ſold;
Weighing his *Cauſes* not by *Law*, but *Gold*,
He made the Juſtice-ſeat a common Mart;
Well skill'd he was in the myſterious Art,
Of finding *Varniſh* for an unſound Cauſe,
And for the ſound *Imaginary Flaws*.
With him fierce *Jezabel* conſults the way
How ſhe for harmleſs *Naboth* Snares may lay.

Madam

Madam (ſays he) you rightly judge the courſe
Unſafe, to run him down by open Force.
In great Deſigns it is the greateſt Art,
To make the Common People take your part:
Some words there are, which have a ſpecial Charm
To wind their *Fancies* up to an *Alarm:*
Treaſon, *Religion*, *Liberty*, are ſuch;
Like *Clocks* they ſtrike, when on thoſe *Points* you touch;
If ſome of theſe unto his Charge you lay,
You hit the *Vein* of their *Tarantala.*
For, to ſay truth, the *Trick* did never fail;
Loud *Calumny* with them does ſtill prevail.
I (Madam) of theſe Means no ſcruple make;
Means from their *End* their Good or Badneſs take.
Naboth a *Rebel* to his Soveraign's Will,
By any ways we lawfully may kill.
Whilſt thus he pour'd his Venom in her Ear,
A ſpightful Joy did in her Face appear:
She ſaid, your faithful Counſel I approve,
You have chalkt out the way we are to move:
But ſtill you leave untoucht the hardeſt part,
Which moſt requires your Induſtry and Art;
Where is the *Crime?* where are the *Witneſſes?*
It is my Province (Madam) to find theſe;
(Reply'd the Judge) and that our Project may
Take faſter hold, let there a *ſolemn Day,*
To ſeek the Lord by Faſting and by Prayer,
Be ſet apart: This will exactly ſquare

With the whole Model of our Work design'd;
This will the People draw *Body* and *Mind*,
To act their *Parts* in *Naboth's Tragedy*;
This builds the Stage, on which the *Wretch* shall dye.
As Glasses by the Sun's reflected Ray,
The silly Lark into the Net betray,
So will the People, by the dazling thought
Of Godliness, religiously be caught.
When the Queen saw that her Design would take,
She with impatient haste the Conference brake;
Of Av'rice and Revenge such is the thirst,
That with the least Delay the Patients burst.
Lose no more time (she cry'd;) with speedy care
v. 8. Letters and Orders for our Seal prepare,
Such as the *Work* requires: For 'till I gain
This Point, each moment is an Age of pain.
Since first for *acting* God proud Angels fell,
Still to *ape* Heaven has been the *Pride* of Hell:
As the bright Spirits always attend his Throne,
And what he wills, they execute as soon:
Our *Fury* so could not conceive the Fact
More nimbly, than her Agent-*Fiend* did act.
Stay, Hell-Hounds, stay! why with such rav'nous speed
Must the dear Blood of *Innocence* be shed?
Blind is your *Haste*, and blinder is your *Rage*;
Hell no successful War 'gainst Heaven can wage:
You shoot at *Naboth*, but *your selves* you wound
With poyson'd Darts, for which no Cure is found:

The

The Poyſon drawn from a remorſeleſs Heart,
Baffles *Divine*, much more all *Humane Art*;
What will your Rage effect, but laſting ſhame,
In this, in the next World Eternal Flame?
With all your ſubtle Arts of Perjury,
And all the Varniſh of your *Bloody Lye*,
To make him Guilty, and you Rightful ſeem,
Hell for your ſelves you build, and *Heaven* for him.
Arod had always *Tools* at his Command,
Of a fit *temper* for his *Work* in hand:
But here no Villains of a common ſize
In Wickedneſs, or Cunning would ſuffice:
Yet two he found, which did as much exceed *v.* 10.
All common Rogues, as common Facts this Deed.
Malchus, a puny Levite, void of ſence,
And Grace, but ſtuft with Noiſe and Impudence,
Was his prime Tool; ſo *Venomous* a *Brute*,
That every place, he liv'd in, *ſpued him out*;
Lyes in his Mouth, and Malice in his Heart,
By Nature grew, and were improv'd by Art.
Miſchief his pleaſure was; and all his Joy,
To ſee his *thriving Calumny* deſtroy
Thoſe, whom his double Heart, and forked Tongue,
Surer, than Vipers Teeth, to death had ſtung.
Python his *Second* was; and his alone;
For he in Ills no other *Firſt* would own:
A braver Impudence did Arm this Wight;
He was a *Ruffian*, and no *Hypocrite*;

And with audacious, and loud Villany,
He did at once *Vertue*, and *Fame* defie.
Theſe two, though *Malchus* wore the longer *Cloak*,
Were *evenly pair'd*, and drew in the ſame *Yoke*.
No Forreſters with keener Appetite
In running down their hunted Game delight,
Than theſe the *Slaughter* of the *Guiltleſs* view,
Whom their *Malicious Calumny* purſue.
v. 10. This goodly Pair were, by their Teachers Art,
Fully prepar'd, and tun'd to play their part.
A Faſt is then proclaim'd; this ſerves as *Leaven*
To raiſe the People's *Lump* with News from Heaven;
They in the dark, when bid to ſeek the Lord,
Are ſure for His, to take the Preachers word;
Theſe, when they tole their great *DIANA*-Bell,
Look up to Heaven, and do the Works of Hell.
Always State-Faſts ſome ſtrange Events portend;
And often in a *Godly Miſchief* end.
The fair Pretence is, that the Lord may *weed*
v. 10. *Treaſon*, and *Blaſphemy* from *Abraham's Seed*.
Great, and juſt God! will it be always ſo?
When thy Rebellious Creatures here below
Their black Deſigns of deepeſt Miſchief frame,
Shall they ſtill *ſtamp* on them thy *holy Name*?
Make thee, *All-good*, a Party in their *Ill*!
Thy very *Word* abuſe, to break thy *Will*?
By which their *Leaders* draw the *Vulgar* in,
With *harmleſs Minds*, to perpetrate their *Sin*;

By

By which the Juſt are by the Impious ſlain,
And *Abel* ſtill is ſacrific'd by *Cain*;
How can thy Juſtice, and thy Thunder ſleep,
When ſuch Affronts on thee, and thine, they heap?
How can the Earth forbear with open Jaws
To ſwallow theſe Contemners of thy Laws?
Hold, Muſe! thy Zeal now grows to *Mutiny*;
Thou doſt ignobly from thy *Colours* fly:
Under the *Standard* of the *Croſs* we ſerve,
And from our *Leader*'s ways we muſt not ſwerve.
By *Form of Law* He did ſubmit to dye,
Accus'd of *Treaſon*, and of *Blaſphemy*;
All-powerful He, without revenge, or ſtrife,
Endur'd the loſs of Honour, and of Life;
This is the way, which he his Followers taught,
Which him to Triumph, us to Safety brought;
Then in this way let us march bravely on,
Which will our *Innocence* with *Glory* Crown;
And let us pity thoſe, whom proſp'rous Sin
Hardens, and does on *Earth* their *Hell* begin.
Now comes the Solemn, and the Bloody Day,
In which all *Iſrael* meets to faſt, and pray: *v.* 12.
But Impious is that Faſt, and Prayer, which parts
From Lips polluted, and from hardned Hearts.
In the firſt Rank of *Levites Arod* ſtood,
Court-favour plac'd him there, not VVorth, or Blood.
Naboth amongſt the Tribes the foremoſt Place *v.* 13.
Did with his Riches, Birth, and Vertue grace:

A man,

A man, whoſe Wealth was the Poor's common ſtock;
The Hungry found their Market in his Flock:
His Juſtice made all Law-contentions ceaſe;
He was his Neighbours ſafeguard, and their Peace.
The Rich by him were in due bounds contain'd;
The Poor, if ſtrong, imploy'd; if weak, maintain'd.
Well had he ſerv'd his Country, and his King;
And the beſt Troops in all their Wars did bring;
Nor with leſs bravery did he lead them on,
Warding his Country's danger with his own.
Scarce were the Rites, and Ceremonies paſt,
Which by the Law attend their publick Faſt,
v. 13. When *Malchus* raiſing up his Hands and Eyes,
With bended Knees, thus to the Judges cries;
Hear me (great Seed of *Levi*) hear me all
(*Iſrael*'s ten Tribes) I for your Mercy call;
Seal me a Pardon, who too long have been
A dark Concealer of a *Crying Sin*;
Heaven does this day my wounded Conſcience heal,
And bids me the hid Blaſphemy reveal.
v. 13. *Naboth*, ſtand forth; 'Tis thee, of Impious breach
Of God's and the Kings Laws, whom I impeach.
At this the Tribes a various murmur raiſe;
His boldneſs ſome abhor'd, and ſome did praiſe:
Some would have *Naboth* by a *Publick Vote*,
Without more Form, found *Guilty of the Plot.*
Others the Law alledge, that no Offence,
Can be judged ſo on ſingle Evidence.

While

While thus they waver, *Arod* takes his kew;
Our thanks to Heaven in the firſt place are due,
(He ſaid) which with ſuch gracious ſpeed prevents
Our Prayers, and all falſe Traytors curſt Intents.
Speak (*Malchus*) then, and this Aſſembly give
Of the whole *Plot* a perfect *Narrative*:
And whilſt this ſervice you to *Iſrael* do,
Know, that we *hear you, and believe you too.*
Malchus applauded thus in publick view,
Did now almoſt believe, that he ſpoke true:
This arm'd his Face with Braſs, his Heart with Steel,
That he no ſhame, and no remorſe could feel.
Then he the Story of his Plot at large
Unfolds, and lays to guiltleſs *Naboth's* charge,
How with the *Aramites* he did conſpire,
His Country to invade, the City fire,
The Temple to deſtroy, the King to kill, v. 13.
And the whole Realm with Deſolation fill:
He told, how he himſelf the *Agent* was,
In *cloſe Conſults* to bring theſe things to paſs;
Nor did he fail with proper Circumſtance
Of Time, and Place, to garniſh his Romance.
The Prieſts aſtoniſht are; the People gaze,
And the dumb Judges horrour does amaze.
Then out ſteps *Python*, and with dextrous Art,
Weaving his Story, ſeals a Counterpart
To all, that *Malchus* had before depos'd;
And with deep Oaths the Accuſation clos'd.

Now

Now on poor *Naboth* all their Eyes were ſet,
Some red with Anger, ſome with Pity wet.
But the fierce Rabble gladly would prevent
His *Tryal*, by an inſtant *Puniſhment*.
Whence this unnatural Pleaſure to deſtroy?
From what ill Root grows this malignant Joy?
Beaſts worry Beaſts, but when their *Hunger* calls;
But Man on Man with a *full Stomach* falls:
'Tis not our Wants of Nature to redreſs,
That we this Rage to our own Kind expreſs;
But for the *Miſchief*'s ſake we *Pleaſure* find;
It lies not in our *Body*, but our *Mind*.
Our Seed receives a double Taint and Stain,
From Rebel *Adam*, and from murd'ring *Cain*.
Naboth, thus charg'd, had need for his defence,
Of all his Courage, and his Innocence:
It was a Tryal of no Vulgar Kind,
To ſhew th' Heroick temper of his Mind:
But the tranſparent Brightneſs of his Soul,
E'en through his Eyes, their Malice did controul,
For his Accuſers, when he ſternly view'd,
Their *tortur'd looks* their *rack of Conſcience* ſhew'd:
But to his Judges, with a manly grace,
He lowly bow'd, and pleaded thus his Caſe.
My Lords, by theſe falſe Oaths, this bloody Lye,
God and the King are more abus'd, than I;
For I (poor Worm) weigh nothing in the Scale,
When their high Wrongs for Reparation call:

When God's dread Name, when his, and the Kings Laws,
Are thus blaſphem'd, 'tis their, and not my Cauſe.
Pharoah, *Goliah*, and that Heathen Brood,
Leſs impiouſly blaſphem'd our *Soveraign Good*;
They believ'd not his *Being*, nor his *Might*,
And blindly, what they *Nothing* thought, did ſlight:
Theſe know him, and him knowingly defie;
And ſigning with his awful Name their Lye,
Make him a *Party* to their *Perjury*.
Nay, in this horrid Enterpriſe they do
Their curſt Endeavour to deſtroy him too;
For Truth and He in *Eſſence* ſo partake,
That when you *make* him *Falſe*, you him *unmake*.
Theſe Vipers in the Boſom of our Law,
Will eat it through, its very Heart-ſtrings gnaw;
For when with artificial Perjury
They make God's Sacred Name *eſpouſe* their Lye,
Forthwith that Lye *Omnipotent* becomes,
And governs all below; it ſaves, or dooms;
Diſpoſes of our Honour, Life, and State,
Gives rule to *Law*, and arbitrates our *Fate*.
No rage of Famine, Peſtilence, or War,
Can with this *Legal Maſſacre* compare,
If perjur'd Villains may a Shelter find,
To make their *Inrodes* thus on Humane Kind,
Laws, for Chaſtiſement of the Guilty meant,
Will turn their Points againſt the Innocent,
(*As Cannons of a newly enter'd Town
From their own Walls the Houſes batter down.)

* *Poet ſpeaks.*

My Lords, if you this Villany endure,
Judges themſelves will not be long ſecure:
And ſo I leave my Cauſe in your wiſe breaſt,
The *Temple* where *Truth's Oracle* ſhould reſt.
Thus *Naboth* ſpoke, with that undaunted meen,
Which only in *bold Innocence* is ſeen:
But leaſt the People's Fury ſhould relent,
Arod their calmer thoughts did thus prevent.
Naboth, what you have ſaid in your defence,
Adds to your Guilt, clears not your Innocence;
When the Kings Evidence you perjur'd call,
Know, that your very *Plea* is *Criminal.*
Shall Malefactors with Reproaches tear
Their Fame, who for their King and Country ſwear?
What Thief, what Felon may not do the ſame,
To purge themſelves, the Witneſſes defame?
Againſt two Oaths, ſo poſitive and plain,
All your harranguing Rhetorick is vain.
Should ſtout *Denying* paſs for *Innocence*,
The Court muſt be as weak as your Defence.
Leſs Confidence your bloody Crimes behov'd,
So weakly anſwer'd, and ſo ſtrongly prov'd.
Is it not doubly ſworn, that you conſpir'd
With *Aram's* King, this City to have fir'd,
v. 13. And in that hurry to deſtroy our King,
And into *Iſrael Bondage* and *Idols* bring?
Thus wrongfully born down, *Naboth* again
Offer'd to ſpeak, but offer'd ſtill in vain;

For when the Bench did thus his Guilt proclaim,
Their Words, like Oyl, inrag'd the People's Flame;
Who hardly ſtaying till the Sentence paſt,
Like hungry Wolves, they ruſh with furious haſte,
Hurrying poor *Naboth* to a planted Stake,
Where in his Death their cruel Joy they take.
Their *Hands* and *Tongues* they equally employ,
And him with *Stones* and *Calumnies* deſtroy:
Some gather Flints, and ſome the Victim ty'd
Ready for Sacrifice: He loudly cry'd,
Heaven bleſs the King! And I forgive ye all;
O! may this Innocent Blood no Vengeance call
On you, my Brethren——Off'ring more to ſay,
A murdring ſhow'r of Stones took Voice and Life away. v. 13.
Thus *Naboth* fell----Kind Heaven! ſo may I fall;
Rather than ſtand ſo high, and Criminal,
As *covetous Achab*, and his *bloody* Queen;
Or ſerve the *Malice* of ſuch *Luſt* and *Spleen*;
Or *judge* with *Arod*, or with *Malchus ſwear*;
Or with the Rabble oppreſt Vertue *tear*.
Naboth! though caſt thou art by *Humane Laws*,
Heaven's Writ of Errour has remov'd thy Cauſe,
And judg'd it ſo, that it ſhall ſtand from hence
A laſting Record of *wrong'd Innocence*.
All to thy Aſhes ſhall their Duty pay,
Friends ſhall their *Tears*, *Foes* weep their *Blood* away; v. 19.
For lo! the great *Elijah*, Heaven's Envoy,
Has now ſurpris'd them in their guilty joy,

Caught

v. 18. Caught in the very Fact, and Place, where they
Rejoice, pluming, and hovering o're the Prey:
v. 20. What? have I found you in this Field of Blood,
(For so thy Title to't shall be made good,
v. 19. More by thine own, than *Naboth*'s) graceless King!
I from thy dreadful Judge thy Sentence bring,
(Says Heaven's bold Herald.). *Achab* heartless grew;
And the Queens *Fears* did all her *Pride* subdue,
At this loud *Thunder-stroke*. Know (wretched Pair)
v. 24. (Continues he) The Vultures in the Air,
Wolves in the Field shall be the living Tomb
Of all that's born from *Jezebel*'s cursed Womb:
And *Achab*'s Seed shall be the *worthy Food*
Of Birds and Beasts that live by Prey and Blood.
Thy Race no more shall mix with Human Kind,
But *nourish* Beasts, and so with them be *join'd*.
Thou, *Achab*, here in this ill-purchas'd Ground,
Shalt bleed thy last, from a fresh, mortal wound;
v. 19. Mastifs shall lick thy Blood; and it shall be
As sweet to them, as *Naboth*'s Blood to thee.
And thou (curst Woman) *Eve*, and *Serpent* too;
Cause of thine own, and of thy Husband's woe,
Thy broken Limbs, and into pieces rent,
v. 23. Shall be of Dogs the *Food* and *Excrement*:
2 K. c. 9. *Low falls thy Body*, lower thy *Soul* will sink;
v. 33. Thy Memory ever shall remain, and stink.
And so he left them Thunder-struck and dumb;
Stung with their present Guilt, and Fate to come.

FINIS.

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